

Dance across my memory

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Summary: He blew at the dusty plates and cobwebbed candelabras and couldn't help but reminisce on the dreams he used to have so long ago. (Picture used was drawn by kohichapeau on tumblr)

Dance across my memory

A/N: hey yeah so this was a product of my brain process on the worlds worst sleep pattern watching Anastasia recently and having this scene stuck in my head along the the idea nothing has been written for this fantastic AU yet and I wrote this out at like 12:00 am this morning haha yeah this is inspired by the Anastasia!AU created by Hope (hope-for-snow on tumblr) and Kohi (kohichapeau on tumblr) and it's rly gr8t and there needs to be more of this ye

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><p>Hiccup stared up at the ginormous palace, eyes widened in awe. He'd never really seen it, he usually stayed near the orphanage and never from Gobber's sight, but he knew of the rumours tied to here. How grand it was until the people tried to overthrow the royalty, and how it had never been the same since. Especially the ones about how the royal son, Hamish, was possibly still alive and somewhere.<p>

He was distracted from his thought process when he heard a yip, and searched around to find the little dog that had been his sign to come to St. Petersburg in the first place.

"Toothless!" He climbed up the stairs and saw the boarded up door, and heard the same yip from before come from behind it. He walked up and crouched down, peering through the slats in search for green puppy eyes staring back at him.

"Toothless! Come on, did you really have to go into the abandoned building?"

He tried tugging on the boards, and yelped as he was thrown back with

a chunk of wood following and landing on top of him. He pushed it off and stood up, patting his coat off and looking up at the opening. The dust he could see flying in the disturbed air seemed to be beckoning to him, calling him to come explore. His curiosity was always a bad thing his caretaker said, but hey, how else was he supposed to find this Jack Frost guy? The lady at the train station had said he was here. . .

He stepped inside, blinking as his eyes adjust to the sudden darkness, and looked around. He walked forward, twisting his head as he called out,

"Hello! Anyone here?"

He continued to mosey along, walking through a foyer and to where a hallway was with a table, covered in fine dining plates and utensils of gold, candleabras, and silk tablecloth, caked in dust. He looked at his reflection through one, seeing his usual reddish hair, freckled face, and green eyes, and blew at the dust, picking it up. He stared at it for a while,

He laughed as someone picked him up high and set him down, music filling his ears-

Hiccup gasped at the sudden memory, and carefully set it back down. That was something from a dream he had back when he first came to the orphanage, he'd been at some sort of party and a strong man had been dancing with him, and somebody had given him a jewelry box or something, it'd been so long since he'd had those special ones.

He wandered over to a vase, depicting random animals dancing across it. He traced a hand over them, and couldn't help but find himself whispering,

"This palace is like a dream. . . "

Without thinking he began to sing, a lullaby he used whenever the young children couldn't sleep and needed help,

"Dancing bears, painted wings, things I almost remember. . . "

He found himself moving as he sang, into a wide space, a ballroom perhaps, and stared to take off his outer wear until he was standing in his oversized shirt and pants tucked into his one boot.

"And a song someone sings, once upon a December."

He started to loose himself in his own orchestra inside his head, hugging himself and twisting to the words,

"Someone holds me safe and warm, horses prance through a silver storm,"

He threw his arms out and shut his eyes, the familiar dream coming back to him.

"Figures dancing gracefully, across my memory."

He opened his eyes and instantly before him faded figures, like ghosts, dressed in expensive and brightly colored clothes danced down

from the ceiling, landing down, and he swore he heard others sing along with the orchestra that now rang throughout the space. He walked down the stairs, bowing down to people who did the same to him along the way, making his way out into the middle of the dance floor, head turning every which way to capture everything in his mind.

"Some one holds me safe and warm, horses prance through a silver storm,"

Now there were girls surrounding him, and he bowed to each, when one placed a green and gold crown on his head, and they danced away as he continued to sing,

"Figures dancing gracefully, across my memory!"

He spun and sparkles circled around him as his outfit changed to a green suit that glittered and wide sleeves that flowed whichever way his arms went, and he found himself dancing with a regal man before being passed off to another, still singing all the while,

"Far away, long ago, glowing dim as an ember. Things my heart used to know, things it yearns to remember,"

Then he was looking up at the wide circle he stood in, then up to a smiling man with a long ginger beard, holding a hand out to him that he took as they stepped into a slow waltz, his singing quieting as it reached its end,

"And a song, someone sings. . . "

They slowed to a stop, the man leaning forward and softly kissing his temple and backing away, Hiccup bring a hand up to place over his heart. He bowed in tandem with the man, as he whispered the last line of his lullaby, heart aching for this dance never to end.

"Once upon a December. . . "

End
file.